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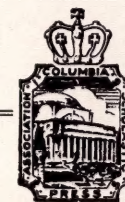


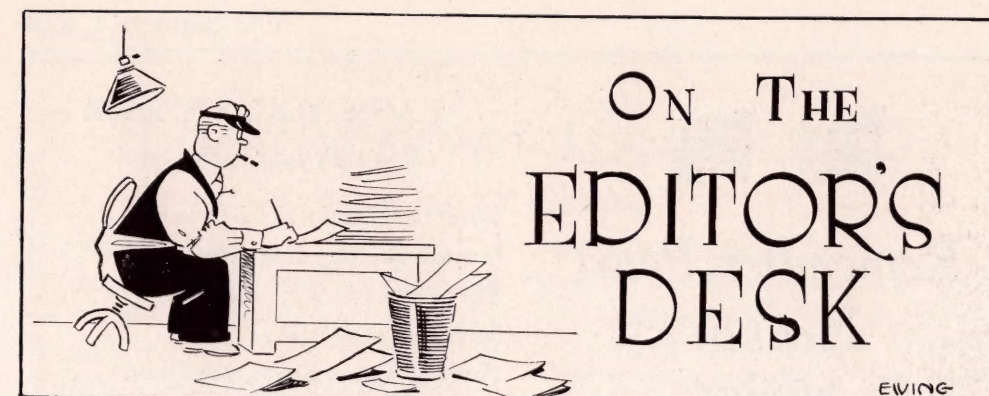
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MALCOLM CARSLEY, P. H. S., 1942
Massachusetts Junior Downhill Champion, 1941

Photo by G. F. Maynard



Caught in a Whirlpool

By Modestino Criscitiello

IN Edgar Allen Poe's collection of strange and fantastic tales there is one entitled "Descent into the Maelstrom." It is an account of a Scandinavian sailor who miraculously escaped death from the treacherous currents of the Maelstrom, a tremendous whirlpool located off the coast of Norway.

Returning from a fishing voyage, the young sailor and his brother were caught in a squall and forced over the brink of the dreaded Maelstrom. In his gripping, breathtaking style, Poe describes the wild emotions of the two lads as they were tossed madly about in the swirling torrent. One lost absolute control of himself and clung, panic-stricken, to the deck of the small fishing craft. The other, fully realizing the graveness of the situation, looked about for some means of saving himself. He noticed that the heavy objects thrown from the wreckage descended rapidly, but that the lighter, cylindrical forms remained near the surface of the water and spun slowly. Then, seizing hold of a wooden barrel and begging his brother to do the same, he leaped into the foaming waters. Soon he found that his speed decreased perceptibly and that he was being borne on the rising currents toward the open sea! Later, the fortunate sailor was rescued by passing fishermen; but his brother, having clung desperately to the hull of the boat, had

perished in the roaring depths of the whirlpool.

The tale is extremely fascinating,—engrossing to a high degree. But there is for us today a further value in this account of a fisherman's struggle with the swirling death of the Maelstrom. Perhaps we can profit from his example of courage, for we, too, have been drawn into the fury of a whirlpool—a vast, terrifying whirlpool of war! Yet, Poe's hero would undoubtedly have perished if he had relied upon courage alone. He made use of a greater weapon to battle against the overpowering waters. He used common sense. He saw the correct thing to do, and he did it. Let that be our policy in this state of worldwide confusion.

Our main duty, now, is to do all that we can to help America win,—by buying defense stamps, by saving paper, by salvaging scrap metal, but most of all, by making ourselves stronger in body, mind, and spirit. These are the right things to do. Let us do them!

Let it not be said that we have fallen prey to overconfidence, to wartime panic and propaganda, or stumbled into the pitfalls of defeatism and racial prejudice. Let us stand determined to win a righteous victory.

Thus, we can survive the world-rocking torrents of this mad-racing Whirlpool of War.



Remember Pearl Harbor

By Paul Perry

"REMEMBER Pearl Harbor!" Those words will live long as the battle-cry of the American people. An aroused nation has risen up in all its fury to wage total war on those who would take away its liberty. If that liberty is to survive, everyone must help.

That means you, students of P. H. S.! Every mother's son of you, every girl, every teacher, every man and woman in the building, all helping to lick Hitler and Japan. One way we can do it is by saving scrap metals. It is an ironic fact that we helped to build up the Japanese war machine by selling the Japanese scrap iron, which they gave back with interest at Pearl Harbor. Now we need scrap metals for our own army, for the planes and tanks and guns to crush the Axis hordes. If our enormous production program is to succeed, everyone must contribute scrap metal.

We have in front of the High School a scrap bin which was erected over a week ago. It is only half full, and it should be overflowing! If every one of our 2,000 students brought just one pound a week—just a couple of old pans—we would have a ton every week—enough to fill the bin every seven days. Perhaps you think a ton isn't much. Well, a ton of scrap iron will build about 30 Garand rifles, or a jeep, or an anti-aircraft gun. Remember,—every pan you bring to school for the scrap bin is one more kick in the pants for Hitler. Let's all pitch in and help to win this war. Remember Pearl Harbor, and—Keep 'Em Flying!

I MISS YOU, MOTHER

By June Parker

Sweet mother mine, I miss you so,
It seems like very long ago
That I saw you wave good-bye
Beneath a January sky,
And yet 'tis but a year, you know.

I miss your soft, familiar call
In winter, summer, spring and fall,
Saying "Is your home-work done?"
"Hurry, or you'll have to run!"
Or, "Don't be late this term at all."

I miss your salads and your cake,
The macaroni that you bake,
Jams, and jellies, cookie boys,
And, mother dear, I miss the noise
Your green egg beater used to make!

I miss your laughter and your smile—
Those things which made life so worth while,
I miss your tender dark brown eyes,
Your loving, sympathetic sighs.
To be without you is a trial.

I miss your necklace made of jade,
The blue dress that began to fade,
I miss your dark green sweater, too,
Your evening patent leather shoe,
The blanket that's a little frayed.

I miss you more and more each day
In everything, in every way,
I see so many little things
That make me wish that I had wings
To fly back to you, dear, to stay!

The Emperor Commands

By Donald S. Feigenbaum

LARRY'S stand was on the most frigid corner of the wind-swept street. In summer this was fortunate, for Larry could catch the occasional coolness of such breezes as straggled from the river and somewhat alleviated the heat of the sun-baked asphalt; but in winter Larry's fingers grew blue and his nose blue in the chill, penetrating blasts.

There was consolation, however, in the little peanut roaster. By hugging very close to it, Larry could keep himself warm on one side at least. In the bitterest weather Larry kept his fruit covered. The man who owned the fruit did not wish to have it freeze, but he was not so considerate of Larry. He would come every morning to see that all was in order, to rag Larry until the lad was stubbornly resentful, then to leave him through all the cold, tiresome hours until night came on, when Larry was sent home to seek his poor little supper and his poor little bed.

Larry could not have stood it if it hadn't been for Smuggler. Smuggler was his dog. Larry had named him Smuggler because he smuggled him into odd corners when the man who owned the stand came around. Smuggler, like the wise, little tramp of the streets that he was, took refuge under his piece of carpet beneath the stand whenever the dog catchers or a policeman of unfriendly aspect ambled by or stopped at the peanut roaster. The big policeman at the corner, however, kept his eyes and ears closed to the fact that there was an unlicensed dog on his beat. Now and then the proprietor of a tiny restaurant across the street would treat Larry to a bowl of soup—thick, hot soup,—with two slices of delicious bread. So, with these occasional feasts and with nights of comfort when he and Smuggler lay curled close together, Larry managed to endure existence and even to be a little happy.

But the dog catchers had their eyes on Smuggler. The chill morning of the day before Christmas, they charged up the street with nets ready, but Smuggler disappeared at the first sound of their yelping, barking wagon load. When, however, the dog catchers' wagon disappeared down the street, Larry gave a low whistle, and the carpet, which before had remained very still, became suddenly animated. A scrubby, little head emerged, and with a glad yelp of freedom, Smuggler chased the sparrows in the street. And it was then that the Judge drove up in his magnificent Rolls-Royce.

"It's just such curs as that, Johnson," he said, regarding the little Smuggler with great disfavor, "that make dogs a community menace. A good dog," continued he, with his hand on the great, old head of Emperor, "is a precious possession, but I haven't any use for such common canines."

"No suh," agreed the grinning darky chauffeur, as he slid out of his seat, "Dem is fine o'anges, suh; a dozen did you say, suh?"

"A dozen," said the Judge tersely.

Emperor sat quietly in front of his master. Between the two existed that subtle, dignified understanding that exists between dog of noble breed and master of noble instinct. They were both of them gentlemen of the old school; and if Emperor did not receive many caresses from the old man's hand, he understood every inflection of his voice, and his tail imperceptibly wagged when his master's name was mentioned.

Stolidly, Larry began to put the oranges into a bag. He couldn't understand why people wanted fruit in such weather, nor could he understand why such a fine gentleman should buy fruit at his poor little stand instead of patronizing one of the fashionable uptown fruit establishments. Why didn't he

go across the street and buy one of the hot sandwiches and a bowl of the fine, hot soup at the restaurant across the street? If Larry had money, he would buy ten sandwiches at once, and he and Smuggler would eat and eat and eat . . .

Just then the dog catchers executed a flank movement. They had spotted Smuggler and had only moved away to allay suspicion.

"Good," grunted the Judge, as he saw a man with a net make for little Smuggler.

Larry dropped the oranges and opened his arms to his little dog, but the man with the net raced between them and reached for Smuggler, who huddled up under the stand. Then suddenly there was the rush of a big, grayish body, and Emperor, despite the Judge's effort to hold him, leaped to the rescue of Smuggler—poor, frightened, cowering Smuggler. Emperor stood in front of him, his massive old head raised, his white teeth bared in menace, defying any to touch him—him who wore the massive, silver collar on which was the tag that proclaimed him a free dog in the city.

At this the dog catcher stopped. "Call off your dog, sir," he said to the Judge respectfully but firmly.

Larry stood with his two small, red hands clasped closely together, his miserable, imploring face turned up to the Judge.

"Please, please," he gasped, and the tears made dirty, little rivers down his cheeks.

"Oh, by George," said the Judge. The big policeman had strolled up and a small crowd had gathered.

"Fine mastiff, sir," said the big policeman as he regarded grand, old Emperor, who still held the dog catchers at bay, "but you'll have to call him off."

"Emperor, boy, come here," commanded the Judge.

Then the great head of Emperor dropped. He looked from the shivering pup to his master. Then, seeing no sign of relenting on the Judge's face, he went to the car and leaped in

with his ears down, a disappointed knight-errant. The dog catchers then carried off the struggling, helping Smuggler; and Larry, seeing that remonstrance was useless, with dull, unquestioning submission to more suffering, went on placing the fruit in the bag. The big policeman strolled over to the side of the great car, "Poor little chap," he said. "The dog was all he had."

The Judge cleared his throat. "Such dogs are a nuisance," he began, but his voice wavered a little, and Emperor, noting the kindlier tone, turned on his master two beautiful, pleading eyes, and put a paw on the Judge's knee. "There's nothing to be done, I suppose," mused the Judge, his eyes on the receding wagon of the dog catchers.

"No, not unless you could go to the pound and pay his tax."

"Humph," said the Judge testily, "my dinner is waiting"; and Johnson climbed in with the fruit, started the motor, and the car pulled away.

The big policeman tried to comfort Larry. He went over to the restaurant, and soon a waiter brought over a hot sandwich and a bowl of soup; but the poor little lad was dumb with the misery that only those who have lost the thing upon which they place their love can realize.

Whirling in his brain was one thought:—Smuggler was gone; Larry would never see his little dog, his little pal again. After that, nothing mattered. He didn't care whether he took care of the stand or not. He would go away somewhere and never come back. When the man who owned the stand came later, the tired, heartbroken Larry did not notice him.

That night, in his miserable bed, the boy sobbed himself to sleep. He dreamed that Smuggler was back again, and woke to find his arms empty. He thought of Smuggler with all the other yelping, downcast, condemned dogs of the pound. He hoped they would not hurt him. He wondered if Smuggler missed his little master, and then he sobbed

again as he yearned for that small, warm body that had lain for so many nights at his side. Smuggler might not be beautiful, but he was loving, and "he was all I had", groaned Larry with heavy weeping as he sank into troubled slumber.

In the morning he made up his mind that he would run away. There was the country somewhere and perhaps he could find it and sleep in some barn. No one cared for him, no one but Smuggler, and now even Smuggler was to die. Then in the gray dawn he went back to his stand to sit with head in hand until noon, when there came the deep, glorious purr that only a Rolls-Royce can produce. Larry was suddenly conscious of a picture in which the Judge in his big fur coat was the central figure. Beside him was Emperor, his head up, his eyes shining. And what was that in the corner of a seat? Something small and yellow and scrubby. Larry gasped; but before he could speak the car stopped, and the small object bolted right into Larry's arms. It was Smuggler. Little Smuggler, wearing on his neck a silver collar with that precious tag which made him a licensed dog. The Judge's face was beaming as he tried to make his explanation heard over the joyous barking of Smuggler and the baying of Emperor.

"We had a time, I'll tell you," laughed the Judge. "We went down to the pound this morning, and although I couldn't recognize your dog, Emperor found him, and we paid the fine and bought his license."

But the Judge did not tell of his troubled conscience of the night before, when, in his easy chair before the great fire with Emperor before him, the picture of the little form on the wind-swept corner came between him and his book. Then when Emperor had laid his head on his master's knee and had regarded him with inquiring, loving eyes, the Judge had made his decision. "We'll do it the first thing in the morning, old fellow," he had said, and Emperor gave him his paw and they shook on it.

At first Larry could not thank the Judge. He simply stood there with a glorified expression on his pinched, little face, the wriggling, happy dog in his arm, and said over and over again, "Smuggler, Smuggler, Smuggler."

The Judge's eyes were watery. He took a bill from his pocket. "Here, boy," he said, "Spend this on yourself and the dog."

Larry went to the car and put one arm around Emperor's great neck. "Thank you both—thank you," he began. But all at once the Judge was in a great hurry.

"There, there," he said sharply, "I'll be late at my office," but he smiled as Johnson started the car.

Then as he drove off, he gave a backward glance at the thin, little figure and the yellow dog, and he laid his hand on Emperor's head with one of his rare caresses.

"By George!" he said huskily, "By George!"

ON TO VICTORY

By Kathleen Connors

Remember Pearl Harbor they ask us to do;
Remember the heroes who died there, too.
They weren't afraid for their lives, you see
They wanted to keep our country free;
They wanted the peace they had always had;
They hated a world that had gone half mad.
They wanted freedom of speech and press,
The right of worship their lives to bless.
Perhaps for some the fight is through,
But there are thousands—millions who
Will strive on for a future bright
And Uncle Sam will win the fight.

"THIS IS WAR"

By June Parker

SUNK!

Off the coast of Iceland, a hundred miles or more,
The Reuben James has just gone down, first victim of the war.
The newscast on the radio is terse and very brief,
But just the few words spoken cause agony and grief.
In Maine, when Ma Brown hears the news, she faints because her son
Was on the ship that has gone down—her child, her only one.
"Dear God," she prays, "please spare my boy from those cold hungry waves
And God, please save the other lads from deep dark ocean graves."
Ma Brown has built her hopes around her son up through the years;
In taut suspense she waits for news of Bob—too stunned for tears.
In Oregon the gunner's wife receives a shocking blow,
She reads a telegram and says, "No, no, this can't be so."
"William Smith reported dead"; she staggers from the door,
Young, helpless wife, her dreams and hopes all shattered. That is war!

BOMBED!

The headlines in the paper are big and black and bold,
Sending icy shivers down the spines of young and old;
"Casualties heavy in Manila raid to-day;
A hospital and school were bombed," (there will be hell to pay.)
"Two-hundred-fifty injured, and ninety-seven dead;
A thousand homes demolished as many fires spread
Through sections of the city. Old art and relics burned;
The raiders bombed for three straight hours, then to their base returned."
Among the many dead there are a woman and a man,
The parents of a little boy who was not killed, young Dan.
He was not home when bombs were dropped and guns began to roar,
Poor little tyke so innocent, an orphan now—that's war!

DOWNED

Courageous Pilot Kelly came down in flames to-day;
He sank the ship Haruna, then plunged into the bay.
His life, as if a dollar, he gave for Freedom's price,
And yet the flesh and blood and soul he gave did not suffice,
For back at home two tender hearts were broken with his fall,
Those of his wife and little son he'd hardly seen at all.
Kelly's wife, with trembling hands, hugs tight their little boy,
So much has gone now from her life; he is her only joy.
Kelly Junior will not see his daddy any more,
And little does he realize that this is brutal war!

WAR!

War, just like an octopus, its long tentacles spread
O'er rich and poor, o'er big and small, arousing awful dread.
The dread of poverty and death, of being maimed for life,
The dread of loud confusion, of never-ending strife.
The dread that's caused by not a wink of sleep, night after night,
The dread of thinking what may come if Wrong wins over Right.
And after all the bloodshed, it takes a lot of grit
To smile, and start one's life again and make the most of it.
For every war, no matter where 'tis fought, on land or sea,
Ends always in the same sad way—a Pyrrhic victory!

Diaries - - Everyone Else's and Mine

By Mary C. Lynch

A SMALL but thick black book with the gold lettered word DIARY on the cover fascinates me more than any other I know. Let others have their favorite classics, Shakespeare and Milton, Eugene O'Neill and T. S. Eliot, but I'll take a diary any day in preference. With it I shall be content from morn' 'til night. Now, please don't get me wrong. I mean my own diary (or do I?) At least, most often I prefer my own, but now and then it's exciting to read someone else's—especially if it is older sister's or cousin Jane's, and all about the "men" in their lives. Then I revel in vicarious romance.

The great difficulty is that many diaries—often the most thrilling ones—have sturdy "locks"; and if one doesn't possess the key, one's entire afternoon is actually spoiled! Being a mechanically minded child, I have never been much daunted by the mere matter of a lock. A little practice with a hairpin, and success comes—not nine times out of ten, but at least once. And because I am persistent if nothing else, I have read all the diaries within my reach. In my childhood, wherever Mother took me to visit, I usually amused myself in my own little way. I'd pick up a diary and seek out a secluded corner, and read, with the result that people invariably remarked upon what a quiet child I was. Mother wondered how I knew so much about her friends,—things that she had never so much as suspected!

As the years passed, my obsession for diaries continued; but I was beyond the age where I could read other people's without a gentle prick of my conscience, so in desperation, I began one of my own. As I progressed, I found mine so engrossing that I've kept

it faithfully ever since except for a few lapses—a bout with scarlet fever and a few serious crushes when I lived only in the immediate present.

I have now a treasured collection of "little black books" in which I have recorded all my adventures, my escapades (of which there have been many) my joys and sorrows.

In my younger days the record told of unexpected gifts, new friends, embarrassing or delightful moments at school. Now the entries pertain to our own P. H. S.—football games, football players, assembly speakers (male, of course,) new teachers, study hall happenings, latest fads, departmentals, and oh, yes,—gossip.

I'd like to make my life work the study of diaries. Perhaps I'll collect data from old diaries and write biographies of famous people. (Is anyone interested?) I'll make my fee nominal if the diaries are really good. Possibly with my knowledge of opening locks, I might become a safe cracker or a roving keyhole reporter.

In the meantime though, while I'm waiting for the future to become the present, has anyone a diary to let me read?

FIRST SNOW

By Elinor Phelps

A somber world, brown and drear,
Barren trees with dull gray limbs;
Heavy sky, leaden and lifeless,
That was yesterday.

A shimmering world, silver and shining,
Sparkling trees with neat white limbs;
Transparent sky, clear and calm,
This is today.

The King of Seasons

By Day Brigham

WHAT can compare in beauty and variety with winter's great outdoors? Winter—the time when all the northern world arises to behold in joy a paradise of white. What can rival winter in its manifold attractions, which take in almost every form of interest. The stimulation of its atmosphere, the loveliness of its landscape, and the variety of its sports are all represented in its collection of charms.

It is a rare person indeed who does not feel an immediate uplift in spirit when the milder days of autumn give way to winter's snowy rule. This delightful change may be attributed to the exhilarating air, for nothing can equal the stimulus of a brisk walk in the cold, tingling atmosphere. Eyes sparkle, cheeks glow, and the pace quickens in response to the urge of the clear, keen air. Our attitude toward both work and play is one of enthusiasm and vigor. In a more serious sense, however, this energy, augmented by winter's raw weather, has always drawn people together in ardent and united effort against the elements. Consequently, in this strength of unity, great progress has been made by man in the skill of protecting himself from nature and in the art of understanding others. This unity of spirit and purpose caused by winter has also led to the establishment of such blessed traditions as the family fireside circle, the influence of which upon a nation's character is so important.

Those familiar with the great outdoors realize that the country is often much more beautiful and colorful in winter than in summer. Though the garden may lack its bright summer patterns, the entire landscape is infinitely richer in the variety of tint and the beauty of background. From the glittering white of midday to the deepest hue of purple at sunset, the snow offers countless exquisite

tints that no artist's skill could duplicate. In striking outline the barren trees, impressive in their stark nakedness, stand etched against the snowclad countryside. Over all lies the blue and often cloudless sky, a background blending with every changing scene. Upon closer approach this setting offers many interesting touches of animal life, as winter presents remarkable opportunities for its observation. Nearly everyone is familiar with and enjoys the chickadee's greeting from his snowy perch, the scurrying rabbit leaving his footprints across the snow, or the deer loping through the woods. These and innumerable other vestiges of nature's animal existence are there to be shared by the observer in winter's great outdoors.

In the variety of sports offered by winter many methods of viewing Nature's charms are available. One of the simplest and most suitable for all ages is snowshoeing, by means of which one may trek endlessly and with ease up hill, down dale, and through valley. If one wishes a more vigorous manner of enjoying winter's outdoors, there are the frozen ponds and lakes over which to glide in the sheer thrill of ease. However, the most exciting of all sports, as is vouched for by its million of enthusiasts, is skiing, which combines exercise with ease, and the exhilaration of sport with the enjoyment of Nature. There is the incomparable thrill of graceful downhill flight, and the greatest and most beautiful panoramas of all Nature are opened to enthusiasts, both young and old.

To me, the skier, climbing steadily upward in glorious freedom to the summit against a background of richly magnificent beauty, seems to represent a symbol of America, an America climbing steadily upward toward world freedom against a background of noble and rich heritage.

It's A Good World After All

By Patricia Connolly

"OH, yes, he writes to me every week," said Cathy in superior tones, reaching for the letter.

The circle of girls watched her admiringly as she tucked it away.

"Imagine," breathed one, "a sophomore at college! How did you meet him?"

"He's a friend of my brother's. I'll have to go now, or I'll be late for class." With that Cathy hurried down the hall, forestalling any more questions.

"I wonder," said another, "why she was in such a hurry when you asked how she met him."

As for Cathy, she sighed with relief at her escape. If she had stayed much longer she would have made a slip.

"Why do I tell lies, anyway?" she thought. "I always get caught. But, gosh, I can't just stand there when everyone is talking about the Mid-Winter Formal. I nearly died when Julie Caldwell asked me if I was going. I couldn't say no and just leave it like that. It would be too awfully humiliating. That alibi I gave was a little fantastic. Wonder if they believed me."

The alibi was a product of Cathy's fertile imagination. For the past two weeks the chief topic of school "gossip fests" had been the approaching dance, the biggest social event of the season. Cathy had not been asked to go and was exceedingly embarrassed by the excited discussions of who was going with whom and what each planned to wear. Finally in self-defense she had concocted an explanation for her dateless state. She was being true to a boy who went to college with her brother. To make the explanation seem realistic, she had even written herself two letters, and enclosed in envelopes from her brother's letters, had shown them to her

friends. Now whenever talk switched, as it inevitably did, to the dance, Cathy looked noble and said she wouldn't think of going with anyone but the boy at college, and he was away, and wasn't it a shame?

Things went along very well until one day a letter arrived from Cathy's brother Bob announcing that he would be home the week of the Formal as the date coincided with his vacation after examinations. Now Cathy's deception would be discovered. If Bob could come home, why couldn't Cathy's beau come? What to do? Absolutely nothing. Her life was ruined. She would never live it down. Cathy's heart sank to her boots and stayed there as the day of Bob's coming drew near.

At last the fateful day dawned, and with it the calm of the doomed descended on Cathy. Bob's train was to get in at noon, so Cathy wouldn't see him until after school. But when the news of his homecoming was broadcast, she would be thrown to the dogs.

Cathy never knew how she got through her classes that day. She wasn't aware of anything that went on. All she could think of was the malicious smile that would appear on Julia Caldwell's face when she saw Bob.

At two-thirty Cathy dragged herself wearily home and into the house. The prospect of seeing her brother momentarily made her feel better and as she came into the living room where the family was gathered, she smiled in anticipation. Suddenly her smile changed to a gasp. Standing with Bob was what might easily have been the personification of every young girl's fondest dreams. Bob hastened to introduce him. His name was Dave Spencer and he had come home with Bob to spend the vacation. Never one to linger over formalities, Bob went on immediately to the matter at hand,—the matter of the Formal.

"Cathy," he asked, "do you think Barbara Peirson is dated?"

Before Cathy could answer, Dave spoke up. "Well, Bob, as far as I'm concerned you don't have to look any farther than your own family for a date for me." He smiled and looked meaningfully at Cathy. She gasped. Could he really mean her? Bob didn't seem to grasp the idea for a minute. When light finally did glimmer in his brain, he said,

"You don't mean Cathy? Why, the idea! She's only a kid."

Cathy was indignant "I am not a kid, I'm sixteen—only two years younger than you. And it's a lovely idea."

"Then it's settled? You'll go with me?" asked Dave hopefully.

Cathy was too overcome with joy to do more than nod and smile. It was a wonderful, happy world after all. Just wait till Julia Caldwell saw her at the dance with a real, live college man!

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

New years come and go. Resolutions are made; then broken. The following individuals have made resolutions, but whether they'll keep them or not remains to be seen. EVELYN GUILD—Not to talk in Mr. L. Murphy's study hall.

BERNICE GARRITY—To develop my brain.

WILLARD DELEVAN—I don't have to make any; I've been a good boy.

GLORIA CUSHMAN—To learn to skate—or die trying.

LOUISE ALDRICH—To learn how to make a bed so the sheets won't pull out from my tossing around.

WILLIAM LITTY—To buy a wooden hand.

BARBARA CONROY—Study, study and more study.

SALLY SISSON—To get my homework completely finished once—if possible.

KATHERINE WARREN—To learn to ski.

HELEN HEIDEL—Not to be late for classes.

IRENE COONEY—To see more movies.

GINNY MURPHY—No more battles with anybody.

JOAN COLLINS—To live according to PROVIDENCE.

LOIS ASPINALL—To study more (or less).

BILL BRODERICK—To eat Wheaties for breakfast.

AND THE FACULTY RESOLVE:

MISS MURPHY—To try to be satisfied with my old car.

MISS MILLETT—To keep my desk from looking as if a cyclone had struck it.

MR. CONROY—To try to live up to last year's resolutions.

MR. GORMAN—To bring pressure on Robert Coleman to improve his memory.

MR. GEARY—To be an old meanie.

MR. SHERIDAN—To give bigger and better homework assignments.

MISS ALLEN—To get a formal introduction to the famous Mr. McKenna. (See December PEN.)

MR. L. MURPHY—To do more walking—and less riding—as my contribution to salvage.

MR. HERBERG—To learn to read blueprints as well as my blueprint reading class.

MR. MCGOVERN—I'm very fortunate; I don't have to make any.

MR. HERRICK—Sometime during the year to clean out my desk.

MISS DALY—To take a week off to study hieroglyphics so I can correct every paper.

MISS NAGLE—Fewer words! More ACTION.

MISS KALIHHER—To refrain from calling my dumbbells, DUMB BELLS

MR. INNIS—Not to worry about what I can help or what I can't help.

MISS KENNEDY—To think that every day in every way, the world is getting better.

MISS PARKER—To try to remember that what we're all working for is important enough to keep us steady, cheerful, and kind.

The Native's Return

By Thomas Fehily

HAVE you met Tony Geraldo? His full name is Antonio Augusto Geraldo, but his new-found friends all call him Tony. He comes from Chauves, Portugal and has had quite a bit of living up until this point. Tony was born right here in Pittsfield where his father was employed by the General Electric Co. as a painter. When Tony was two years old, he, his mother, and his sister returned to Portugal, while his father remained here. In 1932 his father retired from the General Electric, and he, too, returned to Portugal.

Tony went through the Portuguese schools and graduated last year from high school. During the summer he passed his examinations for the University of Portugal. According to Tony the examiners are very biased, for if the parents of an aspirant are of importance or have friends inside the University, he is readily accepted; but if not, he has a difficult time getting in.

Although he passed his exams, Tony at the last moment decided to use his money to come to America. He paid five hundred sixty-six dollars and sixty cents for passage on the Pan-American Clipper, "Dixie"; but when he went to the port of embarkation, he was stopped by an officer of Vigilance and Defense Police of Portugal and not permitted to board the plane. This officer (who is similar to members of the Gestapo of Germany) after examining Tony's passport, said, "You are Portuguese, and a very poor Portuguese for wanting to leave this country." From this a difficult situation arose, for the Portuguese government claimed that as he was born of Portuguese parents, he was a Portuguese citizen. Tony, however, claimed that as he was born in the United States, he was also an American citizen. This problem was solved by a visit to the American Consul, but when at last it was settled, the Clipper had flown. There-

fore, the Pan-American Airways gave him a ticket on the steamship Excalibur and refunded one hundred ninety six dollars and sixty cents, the difference in the prices of the two modes of travel.

During the trip from the Azores to New York the ship was entirely blacked-out for fear of submarines. This was the only setback in Tony's enjoyment of the trip.

Tony arrived in New York December sixteenth after eleven days on the seas. He spent one day in admiring the wonders of the world's largest city before continuing on to 120 Sadler Avenue, Pittsfield, the home of his godfather, Mr. Alvaro Santos.

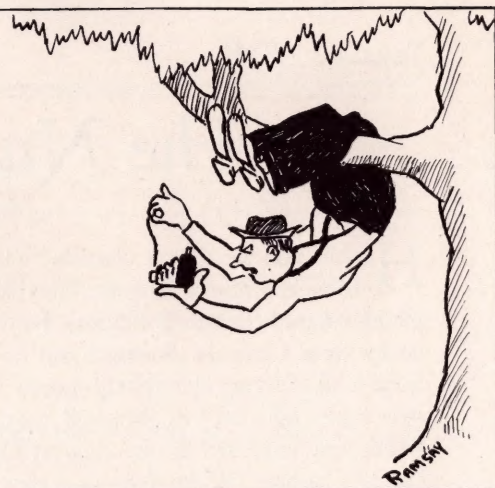
When asked about the condition of affairs in Portugal, Tony replied, "The situation . . . is . . . very difficult."

He said that the government of Portugal is very friendly with the Hitler government and is adopting the Nazi attitude in some of its policies.

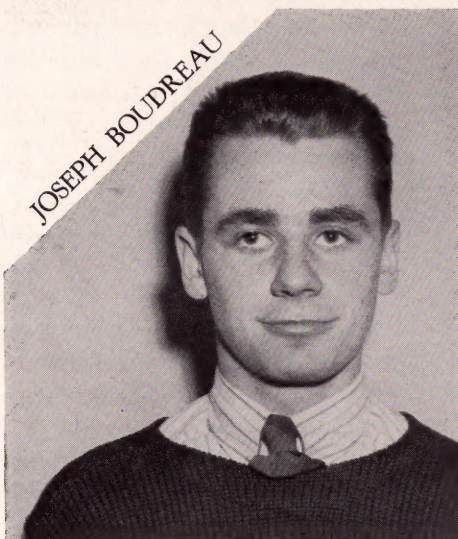
Tony, who is very happy here in America, has entered our high school so that he may study the English language and get to know the American people. He can read and write a fair brand of English and can speak enough to make himself understood. Besides having a mastery of his native language, he can understand Spanish and speak French fairly well, and with his English, is well on his way towards learning a fourth language. He is also studying physics, chemistry, algebra, and French, and of the five, finds English the hardest and algebra the easiest.

Tony expects his twenty-one year old sister, who is also a citizen, to come to this country soon, and when she does, he wants to surprise her by greeting her in perfect English. We think he will, and we wish him luck in the land of his birth.

WHO'S WHO



JOSEPH BOUDREAU



CLASS PRESIDENT

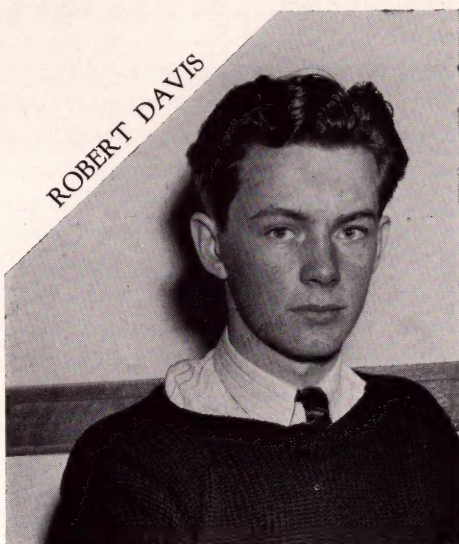
Let us open the book of Joseph Boudreau's life to the chapter of his high school career. First—and most important—Joe has distinguished himself not only by being the president of his class, but by shining in basketball.

"Can you bake a cherry pie?" must be Joe's theme song as this dish rates "tops".

Too bad, blondes, but Joe likes brunettes! Chemistry, baseball, and photography must be added to his "likes".

This chapter closes with the reminder that it's *cherry*, not apple pie!

ROBERT DAVIS



VERSATILE

This tall, handsome gentleman is Robert Davis, chairman of the operetta. Bob has been active in sports, particularly baseball and basketball during his high school career, and this year he is on the basketball team. Bob likes pie—"any kind of pie"—and—believe it or not—chemistry! He also thinks brunettes are pretty nice; he prefers them to blondes. Can he be prejudiced? Bob won't admit to any ambitions, but it's a safe bet that he has some and will see them fulfilled.

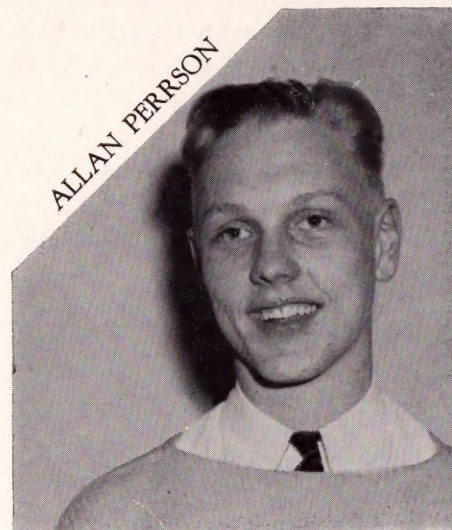
SMILES

"A smile with a girl behind it"—that's Irene Cooney, Essay Editor of the PEN and also Sport's Editor of the coming Yearbook. Her most "looked forward to" class—math (and Mr. Herberg's "Math" at that!) Her favorite food is, she claims "Movies" and you'll usually find her after "hours" at the "Union". It's rumored that her heart belongs to John Carroll (know him, gals?) And lo, she wants to be a private tutor, and she'll probably be in great demand. Put in your bids, now! Oh, and as for high school fellas—well, she likes 'em brainy.

IRENE COONEY



ALLAN PERSSON



EDITOR OF THE YEARBOOK

Certainly everyone recognizes this handsome, athletic, "Blond Blizzard" who is editor of the Yearbook. Ranking highest with Allan are the following: football, basketball, fried chicken, and history. Allan solemnly declares that he has no hobbies and is "strictly non-girl conscious"; yet, he completely enjoys visiting other high schools. (Why? ?) Perhaps it's because his motto is to have a good time. Although Allan's ambition is not definite, we may find him coaching at Harvard in the future.

PEN PUSHER

Meet Patricia Connolly, editor of the short-story department of THE STUDENT'S PEN and member of the Girls' Glee Club. Pat's likes range from books and boys (!) to knitting. As one might believe, this ever-smiling lass has no pet hates (at least not at the moment, she says).

We wonder why the boys in the big city get all the breaks, for Pat plans to be a secretary in the metropolis.

PATRICIA CONNOLLY





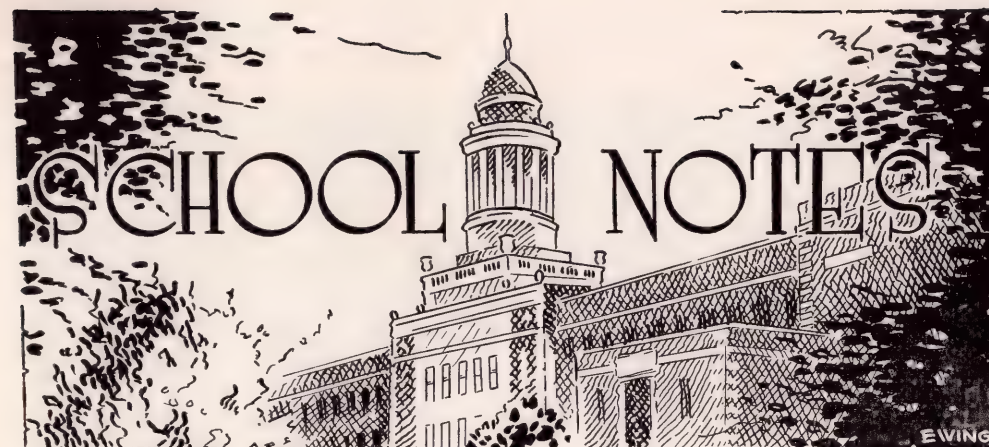
HHEAD up, shoulders back, stomach in! At this time of the year when we are apt to become a little careless about our personal appearance, those are only a few of the more important things to remember about good grooming, and good posture definitely holds a place of honor in the mind of a well groomed person—particularly a school girl. There are also other important things to remember. If you don't wear the time honored saddle shoes (which are becoming more and more extinct each season—but they'll never die) please keep your shoes polished. Believe me, they look a lot better. Wash and brush your hair regularly whether it is a short feather bob or you still treasure your long locks. Clean, good looking, well kept hair makes one less thing for you to worry about when you are madly dashing around trying to accomplish every thing you have to in the allotted twenty-four hours a day. Nail polish. Some like it, some don't. It is entirely up to you. But if you do wear it, why not try your darndest to keep from looking like some woman from Mars with pink and red dotted finger nails. In other words, never wear chip-ped polish. If you don't wear it at all, at least keep your nails well filed and neat looking. Practically any, or should I say any, girl can have attractive looking hands if she has half a mind to. Those are a few more things for you to remind yourself of (you know them already so just brush up on yourself) and don't forget

for one second that good grooming plays a big part in national morale. When you feel and look good, you have the same effect on the next fellow, and we need all of that we can muster right now.

Taking a little mental hop, skip, and a jump into the Spring, it might be well to begin thinking about the type of suit or coat you are going to get. Plan carefully and get as good an outfit as you can afford because it may be your last for a while what with the government taking over a good deal of the wool. Don't get anything flashy that you will tire of quickly, because no one can afford to do that now, and lastly get something that you feel comfortable in. You'll probably be wearing it for a long time.

Inspiration! You know, without anyone telling you, how a new outfit sort of makes your beautiful budget totter and fall under the sudden strain on it, so why not get a glass jar with a top on it that you can put a slit in. Tape the cover on and set the jar in a conspicuous place in your room so that every time you have a few extra cents in change, you will remember to drop them in and then, when you open your bank a month or two hence, you will be amazed at the sum of money you have collected with no effort whatsoever.

Remember—head up, shoulders back, stomach in, and smile.



All Out for Defense

THE student body of P. H. S. has always been known to come through in case of emergency. We gladly gave sixty-six dollars to the Red Cross, and it certainly makes us feel good to think that perhaps a soldier, sailor, marine or needy civilian will profit by our contribution. The chapter house in Pittsfield bought yards of heavy material which is being converted into children's dresses and women's skirts for people in war torn areas. The members of the Household Arts Department are giving one month's work to help our cause. We are "all out for defense."

Red Cross First Aid Classes are held on Monday and Thursday in 231 for the faculty. Only too willingly have these grand instructors given their time so that they might give aid to us in case necessity warrants it. It takes occasions like this to prove to us what swell people our teachers really are.

We've held Air Raid Drills so we'll be familiar with the rules and regulations during a raid. We're buying defense stamps in the office to help the cause so we won't have a real raid. We're collecting old paper, and old metals. Yes, we're "all out for defense."

As we go to press, word comes from the office that our sale of defense stamps and bonds up to January 23rd amounted to two thousand five hundred dollars!

The faculty, the student body and the janitors of P. H. S. are doing their best to "keep 'em rolling", and "keep 'em flying." Remember, we're "all out for defense."

FIRST FACULTY RECRUIT FOR UNCLE SAM

Mr. Robert Newman, our librarian, joined the fight for democracy by enlisting in U. S. army. He was inducted at Fort Devens into the Quartermaster's Corps. We haven't much news about him, as yet, but he has promised to write us a letter to tell us about his new duties.

During Mr. Newman's absence, Mrs. Delbert Pierce of the Athenaeum staff will be our school librarian.

SENIOR NOTES

With the beginning of a new year the senior class resolved to put its best foot forward. They started to work immediately after the vacation, and committee meetings are the order of the day. Allan Peirson, editor-in-chief of the Yearbook, appointed the following assistant editors: Mary Virginia Murphy, Tributes; Anne Nugent, Class History; Gerald Kelly and Anthony Taglienti, Boys' Sports; Irene Cooney, Girls' Sports; John Ramsay, Art; Donald Radke, Photography; Joan Collins, Activities; Priscilla Harmon, Class Will; Modestino Crisciello, Who's Who; and Gloria Cushman

Statistics. Already they are deciding upon its name and theme. But they are being very secretive about both, and we can hardly wait to see the finished product. Miss Pfeiffer will be literary adviser, and Mr. Reagan, business adviser.

CANDID CAMERA

Even before vacation many seniors had faced the camera at Mr. Henzel's studio. Olindo Dragone, chairman of the senior pictures and his committee of eighteen members are doing a fine job.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club for its December meetings discussed some technical phases of making motion pictures. Patricia Watson gave a topic on the cameraman. Claire Potter discussed biographical films. The lists of the pictures which the members of the club had seen, and wish to see again were presented. Lively discussions followed.

At a meeting early in January, Mr. James Conroy of the faculty was the guest speaker. He gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Hollywood, and showed many pictures of the moving picture metropolis and its vicinity.

THE LENS CLUB

For the month of January the club for Pittsfield High School photographers is having an exhibit of winter snow scenes. They will be put on exhibition in the library very shortly. Those who will contribute to the collection are Inez Horth, Robert Koshinsky, Benjamin Aycrigg, William McPherson, Howard Chenfeld and Herant Dicranian.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1942

I. All girls will have classes in knitting, and sewing instead of history, algebra, and Latin. They will be learning how to knit socks and make shirts for the army. "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers" will be their theme song.

II. P. H. S. will abolish all traffic officers. In their places electrical dummies will be installed to direct traffic.

III. Every math student will be supplied with a miniature calculator so that when he runs up against a perplexing problem—if he ever does—he'll only need to pull out this machine, and push a button. Presto! Chango! The answer will appear in the designated place.

IV. Mirrors will be installed at intersections to prevent disastrous collisions.

V. Mondays will be eliminated from the school calendar. There are always so many tests given on that day, and so many failures that a Mondayless week will be the best for all concerned.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Could the cinemagnets in Hollywood have had P. H. S. in mind when they selected the titles for some of their pictures? We submit the following study hall reflections:

- "Sunny"—Students' faces before vacation.
- "Go West Young Lady"—Stage struck sophomores.
- "The Great Dictator"—The Study Hall supervisor.
- "You Can't Take It With You"—Food from the Cafeteria.
- "She Knew All the Answers"—Brilliant senior.
- "The Men In Her Life"—Junior's day dreams.
- "For Whom the Bells Toll"—You!!!
- "Escape"—The library.
- "Gone With the Wind"—Library slips.
- "Boom Town"—Vocational department.
- "Sundown"—Time when all good students begin their homework.
- "Keep 'Em Flying"—Spitballs in study hall.
- "Caught In the Draft"—Paper airplanes in study hall.
- "Lost Horizon"—That place over which history answers fade.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

William Magner, First Vice President	Joseph Boudreau, President
Jean Hough, Treasurer	Helen Suhinski, Secretary
	Eleanor Eckerson, Second Vice President

HERE AND THERE

Students are beginning to wish for less work and more leisure. Drop and enter slips are beginning to appear around the corridors. (I ask you, is that a good way to begin the New Year?)

If anyone sees a teacher walking around covered with bandages, don't get excited. Every instructor is taking a First Aid Course in case of an emergency.

Santa must have been good to everybody. Included in his gifts to the high school girls were those cute thigh length stockings which you've seen around school.

Angora sweaters are—oh—so lovely to

look at, but from what we've seen, we'd prefer the ordinary sweaters to having our entire wardrobe covered with fuzz.

Orchids and more orchids to the girl cheer leaders! They certainly did a good job at the football games this fall.

An embarrassed senior took so much ribbing on one of his compositions that he'll never forget the importance of making pronoun reference clear. (Can you imagine a locomotive being captivated by his charm?)

A great many juniors are one year ahead of the times. Another "must" on their list of activities is to attend senior class meetings.

English teacher asked senior how to spell the word "partner". Result: said senior wished that she had never attended a western movie.

Rumor has it that a certain male member of the faculty is quite a cook. He blushing explained to his class the list of ingredients necessary for potato au gratin.

Little did we students realize that there was a doctor in our midst. It seems that one of the teachers in the science department has a yen for extracting slivers from students' fingers.

Sophomores have often done silly things. Perhaps the silliest that we have ever seen or heard from these individuals is that they were trying to buy *magnetic personalities* in the cafeteria after Mrs. Baker gave the assembly.

The old P. H. S. proverb is holding true to form. Sophomore girls go out with sophs and junior boys; junior girls go out with senior boys, while senior girls go crazy.

There is among us a very important executive who is not such a good chef. During his wife's absence from home, he sent the ingredients for a cake to the Household Arts Department. Here his problem was quickly solved. (No, Jasper! We promised we wouldn't let the cat out of the bag.)

How relieved some seniors feel. For them those math departmental days are gone forever.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND THE SCHOOL

Dante de Fazio enjoying history *too* much on December 18; Ruth Boos sporting an adorable red plaid skirt; everybody humming "Remember Pearl Harbor"; Katherine Dalgan taking an extra day vacation; everybody helping defense by contributing waste paper (Why is it so many of the papers are completely scribbled on? Could they be notes?) at least a dozen of those sixty inch strings of pearls breaking; empty pocketbooks after the

three collections taken when we returned to school; Helen Benedict looking herself again after a month's illness; Helen Williams blind dating; Merriam Strong trying to decipher a bundle of history papers; senior girls looking forward to the spring vacations at college, (need we explain?); Barbara Barrett and La Forest Smith strolling along the corridors; teachers issuing tests the first week we returned to school; the Senior Class worrying about their Maplewood essays; Miss Nagle wearing the sweetest necklace you ever did see; a certain male of the senior class trying to find information concerning the knitting of a sweater (No, Myrtle, we can't tell who he is); Jack Wilkinson quite befuddled during a history test; Mr. Innis being quite humorous while trying to explain to a new pupil the meaning of "Toughie"; Dante Barzottini shaking hands with Mr. Newman; Malcolm Carsly patiently waiting for Saturdays so he can ski; Jean Mattoon wishing that she had worn long stockings one cold day this month; the Junior Class waiting to get their rings, William Peter Kelly being quizzed; Miss Murphy accidentally stumbling; Irene Cooney wearing long green stockings and starting a craze.

THEY'RE SENIORS WHEN THEY

1. Talk about re-elected officers;
2. Wonder "Who's Who" and on what committee;
3. Make plans for the senior dance;
4. Take their gym suits home, and put them in moth balls;
5. Act slighted when a teacher questions their intelligence;
6. Just disregard the lower classmen altogether;
7. Try to win arguments with their superiors;
8. Break every rule in class and ask, "Why" when they enter detention at 2.30.



PITTSFIELD HALTS WILLIAMSTOWN 45-20

By Donald Morey

On December 5, 1941, Coach Stewart's Pittsfield High basketball team stopped the hoopmen of Williamstown in the college town's high school gymnasium by a score of 45-20.

This victory opened Pittsfield's northern Berkshire league schedule, and also helped to avenge the two defeats of the previous season for which the charges of Williamstown were responsible.

Before a capacity crowd, the visiting Shire City five displayed, from the beginning of the practice warmups to the end of the contest, its undeniable supremacy over the home flanks.

Led by forwards Tony DePietro and Capt. George Henderson, each reaching the double figures in scoring, the Pittsfield squad, after being kept on even terms for the first few minutes of play, suddenly surged ahead with a great barrage of baskets, that enabled them to lead at the end of the first quarter.

This early lead grew quickly as the game progressed. Williamstown, handicapped by inexperienced reserves, could not match its bigger opponents with their constant supply of replacements. The veteran Pittsfield team led at the climax of every period. Although the Williamstown regulars tired physically, they remained a fighting team which would not give up. To the very whistle which

ended the game the home team tried vainly to get the lead. Art Bastian led the losers in scoring.

Pittsfield, in winning, gained for themselves the high regard of other Berkshire teams as the Stewartmen now have an excellent chance of winning the championship.

The Jayvees made it a double triumph for Pittsfield as they trounced the home team squad 22-16 to remain undefeated for the season thus far.

PITTSFIELD HIGH DOWNS BENNINGTON 35-31

By Tony Tagliente

The Pittsfield High hoopsters turned back a visiting Bennington team by the thrilling score of 35 to 31 in their first home performance at the armory, December 12.

In the early minutes of play the local boys obtained a narrow lead which was to be steady throughout the game. The Bennington center completed an initial short, but Leo Sammon came back with the same for Pittsfield, followed by a tally by Tony Di Pietro. However the visitors offered considerable resistance and lagged by only one point at the quarter.

Di Pietro, the flashy Pittsfield forward, opened the second period by tallying a corner toss; and later Sammon and Procopio scored on longs. Pittsfield High left the half leading 26 to 16.

At the beginning of the second half, McGurn of Bennington made a basket; but

Carlo Calautti returned with a long. Pittsfield led by nine points at the close of the third quarter.

With about one minute of playing time left in the final period, Pittsfield led 35 to 31. The Bennington boys tried vigorously to score but succeeded only in getting a foul try. Because the Pittsfield crowd shouted while the Bennington player shot, the referee awarded the forward a further try. However, he did not succeed in making a tally.

Although he scored only four points, Capt. George Henderson proved to be an advantage to his team by contributing his fighting spirit.

P. H. S. QUINTET THRASHES DALTON FIVE

By Richard Carpino

On Friday night, December 19, the P. H. S. courtmen added another victory to this season's record by defeating the team of Dalton High.

With Tony De Pietro making a direct hit in the opening play of the contest, the Pittsfield squad began its forward march. Throughout the first and second quarter the enemy made no threatening headway against the visitors, who led at the half by a score of 24-9.

Dalton made the first tally as the second period commenced, but lanky Leo Sammon checked it with a neat floor toss. Dalton again came back to sink a basket, only to be answered with a barrage of point-makers from the P. H. S. hoopmen.

During the final quarter Dalton made its best but vain efforts against the assaults of the P. H. S. players. The game men of Dalton High penetrated the enemy's defenses to the extent of six points before hostilities were officially ended. Final score: Pittsfield 43-Dalton 22.

DRURY NOSES OUT PITTSFIELD, 33-27

By Ralph Ringey

In an interesting and hard-fought game on January ninth, in which they outscored their opponents throughout in the scrimmage, Coach Stewart's Five eventually yielded to the Tunnel City quintet, the final score being Drury 33—Pittsfield 27.

Pittsfield held its opponents to an 8-8 tie during the first period and outscored them during the last eight minutes of play; but Coach Hosley's team, during the second and third quarters, had established a lead which could not be overcome. Drury acquired this by excellent work in converting their fouls into the necessary extra points.

Sammon, P. H. S. center, did the best for the Purple and White, while DiPietro was close behind with seven points. Drury's co-captains, Rinaldi and D'Arcangelo, combined their efforts for a total of twenty-one points. Wright played a superb game for the North Adams team and was a severe threat to our five.

Pittsfield's morale was given a welcome boost by a P. H. S. cheer which arose unexpectedly during the second period from a handful of loyal students, whose presence came as a surprise because the lack of space had restricted the sale of tickets.

It would seem that the elimination of a prominent weakness—the failure to convert fouls into winning points—might mean the difference between victory and defeat for the P. H. S. hoopmen in future closely-contested games.

WESTFIELD OUTPOINTS PURPLE AND WHITE RINKMEN 2-1

By Richard Carpino

The P. H. S. hockey team started the 1942 season a bit shaky in strength, but sturdy in its fighting courage as it battled with Westfield High's hockey men January seventeenth.

The enemy managed to slip two tallies through the P. H. S. fortifications before being forced to yield one point.

The first blow struck by the foe was inflicted after a bitter dispute in the opening round of the game.

The second period of the contest meant another goal in favor of the opposition, but the P. H. S. sextet answered this with a perfectly administered discharge led by Billy King, the team's center.

P. H. S. checked the moves of the opponent in the final stage of the battle and halted the thrusts to score that the scrappy six of Westfield ventured to make.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Patricia Fallon

VOLLEY BALL

The annual Volley Ball Tournament was held the week of December 15 and furnished plenty of excitement.

The sophomores, although they played a good game, could not compete with the Juniors and Seniors. In the play-off between the two upper classes, the Seniors won the first tilt and the second game was a tie. The third game promised to be another tie, but in the last two seconds of the play, the Seniors made a point. The final score was Seniors 35—Juniors 34.

The members of the winning team are:

Dorothy Miller, Lillian Hogue, Irene Morowski, Wanda Woitkoski, Anna Woitkoski, Nettie Sarro, Jennie Morowski, Ruth White, and Frances Londergan, Captain.

BOWLING

Four days a week at the Pastime Alleys, girls from P. H. S. enjoy that popular sport—bowling.

One hundred fifty-five girls have signed up, making a total of thirty-one teams. The teams are named after famous colleges such as Yale, Harvard and Notre Dame. As yet no one has gone down the alley with the ball.



By William Deminoff

With the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Japan it is rather timely to study and measure our adversary's resources and comparative strength. John Gunther's *Inside Asia* adequately supplies this vital information. Japan's industrial facilities, man-power, and current government policies are skillfully presented by this well-informed writer.

Forrest Wilson, biographer, has contributed *Crusader in Crinoline* as an addition to the stories of the lives of great American women. Harriet Beecher Stowe's literary fight against slavery (in the form of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), the petty incidents which affected her life, and her dynamic personality make up a volume which is both informing and interesting. Mr. Wilson's resourcefulness in presenting an accurate and vivid account of Mrs. Stowe's life is shown by the immense bibliography included.

Those of us who often wonder how eminent authors, newspapermen, and writers first had the opportunity to become famous in the literary field will be enlightened to some extent by an absorbing volume titled *Breaking Into Print*. The book, a compilation by Elmer Adler, includes such famous people as Pearl Buck, Sherwood Anderson, and Robert Benchley.

Attention, photographers! The learned German Prof. Dr. Erich Stenger wrote a book called *The History of Photography*, made available now to the English-speaking enthusiasts through the efforts of Edward Epstein who translated the work and had it published in America. The book gives ample information on the history, origin, and development of photography.



Flash!

Shortly before the Christmas vacation Donald Clark P. H. S. '41 was ordered by his fraternity as part of his initiation, not to return to the campus until he had posed for a picture handcuffed to the Mayor of New York City.

After some difficulty in gaining access to Mayor La Guardia's office, Donald was told that the handcuff part of it was out, but the mayor ordered one of his secretaries to snap the picture with Donald's camera. Don is a freshman at Wesleyan.

William Eckerson '40 was recently initiated into Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at Colgate University.

Frank Fish P. H. S. '40 is one of fourteen boys to pledge to Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Middlebury College.

Armond Feigenbaum '38, a Senior at Union College, was recently awarded a cup for being the highest man in his national fraternity.

Esther Kierstead '38 is a member of the ski patrol at Syracuse University.

Richard Kaufman, P. H. S. '41, a member of the R. O. T. C. Band at the University of Vermont, has been pledged to the Phi Sigma Delta fraternity.

Wesley Baker '41, who is studying chemical engineering, has been pledged to Phi Kappa Tau at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Gladys Brundage '41, a freshman at Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga., was pledged to Alpha Chi Omega sorority.

Three students from P. H. S. have been elected officers of their Oberlin College dormitories. They are Marian Roberts, vice-president of Dascomb cottage; Janet Shipton, sports chairman of Baldwin cottage; and Virginia Amerio, social chairman of Lord cottage, and social chairman of Phi Alpha Phi, woman's literary society.

Dorothy Calnan '41 is studying to be a laboratory technician at St. Luke's Hospital.

Helen Hayes '41 has been elected treasurer of the freshman class at the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minnesota.

Mary Broderick '41, has been elected president of the freshman class at the College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.

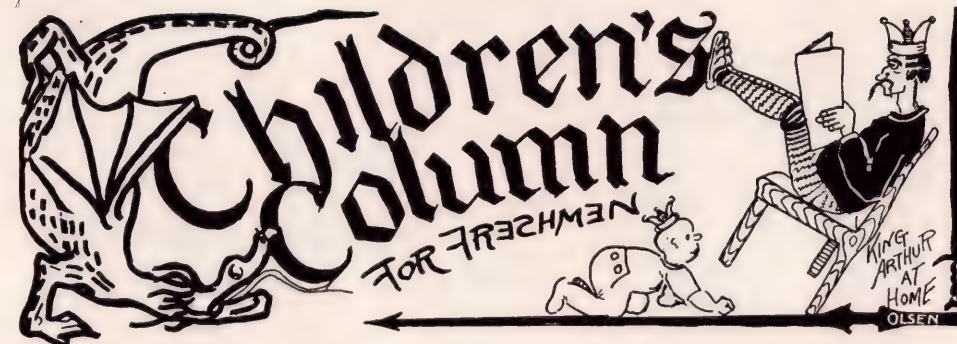
Arthur McGill '39 has been elected vice-president of the sophomore class at Providence College. Arthur is an outstanding athlete at Providence, being a member of both baseball and basketball teams.

Audrey May '39 has been named to the Boot'n Spur Club at the Woman's College, University of North Carolina.

Arthur Bovett has been pledged to Phi Kappa Alpha fraternity at Iowa State College. He has also been named president of the pledges.

Despo Brown '40 enrolled at Endicott Junior College, Prides Crossing, Mass., has been selected to be a member of the Choral Club.

William Tucker '40, a member of the sophomore class at Massachusetts State College, has been initiated into Kappa Sigma fraternity.



Wise Senior: You know what? You can't make pop corn anymore.

Little Soph: Why?

Wise Senior: All the "kernels" are in the army.

Smart Aleck: What is a one-eyed man with a broken leg called on an airplane?

Soph: What?

Smart Aleck: A passenger, of course!

Gerald Kelly: You can't write letters to Washington anymore.

Miss Kaliher: Why not?

Gerald: He's dead!

And one of Mr. Leahy's seniors wants to know if you've heard about the new, "sympathetic" rubber.

What's an icicle?

I don't know. What?

A drip that was caught in the draft.

Joe Condron says: "Truth is stranger than fiction. If you don't believe it, look in the mirror."

What did the girl who wanted to borrow a nickel say to Lena?

Ans. Pop-a-nickel-Leni!

PICTURESQUE SPEECH AND PATTERN

A cloud—a drop of whipped cream from God's soda fountain—Robert Ferry.

A style enthusiast—is all wrapped up in clothes.—Shirley Goldstein.

Two girls engrossed in cat-versation.

—Shirley Goldstein.

Miss Power: Corrinet, how would you punctuate this sentence: A five dollar bill flew out the window?

Corrinet: I'd make a "dash" after the five dollar bill.

Two women, greeting each other with cattiness in the first degree.

The stars are like diamond pinheads in a black pincushion sky.

Thought nuggets in the wallet of one's mind.

A wife with too little will-power has too much bill-power!

Her face was a collection of jewels—emerald green eyes, pearl-white teeth, and a ruby-red mouth.

—By June Parker

Mary: Yes! She sure is corny!

Lois: What makes you think so?

Mary: She's all ears!

Paul Perry: What would you have if you put two ducks in a box?

Bored Senior: I don't know. What?

Paul: A box of "quackers".

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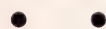


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